# Our Boys and Girls

### KNOWING GOD'S GOODNESS.

I saw two little girls on a hospital porch. One was just getting over appendicitis, and the other had been in some sort of a wreck, and had broken a leg. In a field off to one side there were other children running and playing. Pretty soon the little wreck-girl said:

"How I wish I could run! But all I can do is to lie here in this horrid hospital and wait!"

"Oh," returned the little appendicitis-girl, "but aren't you glad your bones are growing together? It won't be long before you will be out with your playmates. Only a few weeks, I guess."

"But I hate those few weeks! And I don't know people here."

"Oh, but the nurses are so kind, and so like big sisters!"

"Well, they ought to be—they can walk!"

"But they get awfully tired walking about all day, and taking care of so many sick people. And they are always so willing to help. Even in the night when I hurt they come and help me."

The little wreck-girl frowned. The day looked dreary to her, I am afraid. After awhile she went on:

"I wish somebody would bring me some flowers. Lots of people have them here."

"Yes, I know it would be nice. But there is that great bed of yellow tulips just at the foot of the steps—aren't they lovely?"

"I don't see how you always think of the good side of things. How do you?"

"Well," said the little appendicitis-girl, "it's a way I learned from my mother. When I am very full of pains and the weather isn't nice, I hunt around in my head and think of all the nice things I possibly can. Then I keep on thinking of them, and how good God is to let me have that many; and pretty soon I am thinking of all the happy things, and not very much about the sad ones."

"Oh'" said the little wreck-girl, softly. She had begun to understand.

After that I noticed that the little wreck-girl was being very thoughtful; and every once in a while her face would grow happy. When she was well, I knew she was happier than she had ever been before; and that she would be happy all her life, because of what the little appendicitis-girl had told her.

Now, all this I have been telling you is what the Twenty-third Psalm means—that we are to think always of how good God is to us, and how wonderfully He takes care of us all the time. We must be so thankful to Him for what He has done and is doing all the time that we will put aside our little troubles and worries in giving thanks to Him, and in letting our love for Him grow and grow, and sweeten all our lives.—Shepherd's Arms.

---

### THE COLOR-BEARER.

Mr. Greyson glanced at his wife, who sat beside him in the carriage. He sighed, and turned to the streets gay with American flags, silken banners, and crowds of people from all walks of life.

"Oh, Frank, let's turn back into the quieter streets! I am tired of all this—but wait a moment. Do you see that child! What is she doing? See, over there where the large flag hangs. What is she doing?" Mrs. Greyson actually rose from her seat, and showed more interest than her husband had seen in months.

"Well, dear, that's a pretty side show, not on the program. She's lifting that small child to kiss the flag."

Mr. Greyson stopped his carriage, and, beckoning to the little girl, who meantime had placed the child on the pavement, said, "What's your name And isn't that baby too big a load for you?"

The little girl flushed shyly, but she turned a pair of clear gray eyes upon the speaker, and said, gently: "She isn't my owny-downy, but her mother is sick, so I told her I'd mind her, and she has done nothing but say, 'Pretty, pretty.' She's just wild about the flag."

"Yes," acquiesced the gentleman, "and you love it, too, don't you?"

"Oh, don't I!" she exclaimed. "I couldn't hardly lift Rosa, but I just pulled her up to the first stripe and told her to kiss it."

"You are telling me all about Rosa, and I don't know your name."

"I'm called Sue by the kids, but I'm really Missouri, because I was born there, Missouri Lanier."

"H'm, French and American mixture," murmured Mr. Greyson to his wife, who for the first time spoke to the girl. "Tell me where you live, and I'll call and see your mother."

A shadow passed quickly across the girl's face, and she said:

"My mother is dead and father died a month before. They said mother died of a broken heart. Can it be, madam? Can a heart break?"

"Now, tell me," said Mrs. Greyson, in a tone to divert the child's gloomy thoughts, "who is Rosa?"

"Oh, just one of the tenement kids. I take care of her when I'm out of school, and her mother gives me my food. I don't mean to eat too much, things are so expensive."

"What is the lady's name you live with?" asked Mrs. Greyson.

"Aunty MacPherson, but she isn't a real aunt, you know. She's awful good to me, and she has got five children of her own. Well, good-bye—madam and monsieur."

"Isn't she a most interesting child, Frank?" Mrs. Greyson exclaimed.

"Yes, I fancy she speaks French; you see, she drops into the expressions. Well, quite a day we've had, after all," her husband murmured as he drove slowly away. When they reached the residential district, Mrs. Greyson broke the silence.

"Frank," she said, "I believe I have been led to-day by unseen hands to that little girl, and I want to tell you my plan. I hope you'll agree to it. I want you to write to that Mrs. MacPherson, and ask her if we can have an interview with her. Do you know, I should like to take little Sue for a year, on probation as it were, and this will give us time to decide what we want to do."

"All right, Beth, but I'll tell you just what it will be—we'll never want to give her up."

From that day Mrs. Greyson seemed like another person, and when the answer from Mrs. MacPherson came in Mr. Greyson's inclosed envelope, she read:

"I can call and see you Thursday at five."

It seemed as if some good fairy were at work for the Greysons. Mrs. MacPherson told them all she knew of little Sue, who at the death of her mother was to be taken to a children's home. "I just love the little creature," Mrs. MacPherson said, "and I told John we might have had six children instead of five, so we kept her."

"And you wouldn't want to give her up now?" asked Mrs. Greyson tremulously.

"Oh, ma'am, I wouldn't stand in her way. You can give her what we never could, but we've done the best we knew, and anyway, we've loved her."

Thus little Sue entered the Greyson's hearts and home, fitting in so snugly that it soon seemed as if she had always been there. When the year came around, Mrs. Greyson called the child to her, and said:

"Dear, do you know it's a whole year since you came to us. Now how does my little girl feel about staying with us?"

She threw her arms about Mrs. Greyson's neck, and said: "Please, I never want to leave you and m'sieu. I don't believe Aunt MacPherson will care now another baby has come."

"Good enough," said Mr. Greyson, "and now we want to have a special celebration of the day you came to us Missy."

"A sort of a fete day!" the little girl exclaimed, lapsing into French, as was often the case when she was especially excited. "Oh, won't that be jolly. Can we invite the MacPhersons and the Millikens, and Mulligans?"

"Yes," laughed Mr. Greyson, "and the Billikens and Catkins"—

"Yes, and Frank, we'll have a barge, and all go to the farm for the day," suggested Mrs. Greyson.

"But not a bit of ice-cream or cake," teased her husband.

"Oh, but he is so droll, is he not?" laughed the little girl. "He'll have everything good, won't he, madam? And the flag," she said, putting her arms around Mrs. Greyson's neck, "can we take that too?"

"Well, I guess," exclaimed Mr. Greyson, snatching Sue from the sofa, and dancing with her around the room. "It wouldn't be any kind of a day without our flag, and Missy, you shall be the one to carry it. No one else for the color-bearer but you, and you, mother, and I know why. We'll have just the jolliest time."

Missy's party grew to such proportions that one barge was not sufficient, and the best part of the day to her was that her m'sieu drove one, while she was allowed to sit by his side, with the Stars and Stripes in her keeping.

"You must always be our color-bearer," whispered Mr. Greyson, "and we know why, don't we, Missy?"—Ex.

---

# Children's Letters

### AN ANSWER FROM N. C.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little nine-year-old girl. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday I can. Miss Mary Gaither is my teacher. My father is our pastor. I will answer Mattie Tucker's question. Samson was the strongest man; his strength was in his hair.

Your friend,

Newton, N. C. Ruth Sikes.

Dear Ruth: I am glad you could answer Mattie's question. Why don't you ask one and see who can answer it?

---

### TO START TO SCHOOL.

Dear Presbyterian: I like to read the children's letters in your paper. I will be seven years old the 26th of September, and will start to school when it begins. Mother couldn't get